DAN. FARTHING'S ONLY SON.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The most important house in the village of Horksmead was "old Dan. Farden's cottage." The rectory was a comfortable dwelling, the doctor's house was well built and roomy, and the retired leather merchant's was more fashionable, but they were commonplace compared with the cottage. In the judgment of any man or woman of Horksmead, it would have been flat heresy to institute any comparison unfavorable to the latter. It was the glory of the village; its quaint gardens, the incongruous surprises of its rambling mysteries, were as enchanting as a page of fairy lore. The younger folks in that rustic community, recent settlers, visitors, and strangers, spoke of it respectfully as "Mr. Farthing's house;" but if you chanced to make use of the expression in speaking to one of the old inhabitants, he would say: "Who? Oo-ay: you mean Dan Farden: oold Dan Farden: and a rum un he is tu!" He had within their memory risen from the ranks. In many things his ways were their ways; he spoke their speech; he had none of your new-fangled notions about grammar, but he could handle a plow, or shear a sheep, or back a colt, or mow, or reap, or bind, or cart, with any of them; and as he could hold his own in these things, he had held his own in others, too, with singular tenacity, all his life. Though frugal he was not a hard-fisted man, nor had he accumulated his considerable wealth by any means that were dirty, or grasping, or underhand. He had always lived well within his income, even when it was no more then eight shillings a week, at which time, though he liked his "cup of aile" as well as another man, he could steadily resist the fascinations of the public-house. He had never wasted anything, and what his "mates" despised as worthless, he had a curious knack of turning to good account and converting into money. While still a hard-worked day-laborer he had succeeded, from a few chance cuttings and seeds, in propagating flowers, with which he supplied, on modest but remunerative terms, half the village. His fowls were perfect prodigies of fecundity. There was not a house for miles round that had not some specimen of his neat and solid handiwork in boxes, watch-stands, bootjacks and other simple matters. How he accomplished all these things was a mystery that the most daring speculations of his bucolic peers, though they consumed hogsheads of beer in discussing the subject, could make nothing of. One poor simple fellow suggested that it was because he never wasted a minute, a suggestion received with much loud-lunged and scornful ridicule; but there was, perhaps, something in it, for, if he was economical with regard to waste substances, he was parsimonious with regard to time.

Whatever the cause, Dan. prospered marvelously. By the time he was five-and-twenty he had furnished his cottage in a style far in advance of his fellow-laborers, and had taken to himself a wife to replace a sister who died at that time, and who had till then been his housekeeper. When his boy—his only child—was five years of age, he had become foreman on the farm on which he worked, and it was known that he had a "tidy loomp of money" in the bank, so that no one was surprised to learn that he had purchased his cottage and half an acre or more of land adjoining it. His wife, a good, thrifty, careful woman, seconded him ably. Everything prospered under his hand, and many a night the growth of Dan. Farden's fortunes was debated on the sanded floor of the Rising Sun with more interest than the fate of empires. It was wrong to call it "luck"—as the villagers did—when his long and faithful service was rewarded on the death of his master by a handsome legacy; but good fortune as well as high qualities must be credited with another legacy that fell to him about the same time in recognition of his having been the means of rescuing an old lady whose house had taken fire.

There was not a man in the village who would not have done that had he chanced to be the first on the spot; but it was Dan Farden who happened to be passing, for, as was somewhat grudgingly observed at the time, "all the plooms dropped into his mouth."

We are not concerned with all the details of his continuously prospering career, nor will we stop to explain, step by step, how it was that his cottage grew, by constant accretions, to be the rambling mansion that had such a fascination for the community at Horksmead. It is only the late years of his life at which we are going to take a glance in relation to the little boy of whom we spoke, his only son.

Little Frank Farthing was not a beautiful nor a very quick child, but he was wonderfully attractive. He had large dreamy eyes, and his wide mouth and square jaw gave to his face in repose a look of sternness that was strange in a child. But eyes and ripe lips could be eloquent of fun and good humor, and the ruddy cheek could dimple in sunniest laughter. It was while he was still a little fellow that his mother had greeted Dan Farthing on his return one evening in high spirits.

"Dan'll," she said, "ay've got summet to show yow."

"Summet good, then, I hope," he answered. "Ay want ma tea."

"Yaw shell hev your tea drekley. It's all ready. Just yaw look here."

And then, with such pride as only mothers know, she produced from her pocket a much-creased piece of paper (it had originally held sugar), on which had been a tolerably spirited drawing of a dog, young Frank's handiwork, done with a bit of charred stick from the fire.

"They-ar!" said she, smoothing it out with her hand, and thereby removing the last vestiges of the sketch, "what du yow think ov that?"

"Wall," said Dan., "ay think it's a very dirty bit of paiper. What ov it?"

She looked at it more closely, and flushed with vexation as she saw that the glory had departed.

"Well, I nivver!" she exclaimed. "An' so it is. But it wor as like our Pincher as ivver you see, and our Franky dror'd it."

"Ay, ay, Missis; but don't you let un wayste his time in drorin';" and he tempered the severity of the rebuke with a lusty kiss. "There ain't no good to be got out of drorin'. Let's hey ma tea."

Good or no good, there was no keeping the little rascal from it. With a bit of chalk he would draw on the fences or gates, men, houses, dogs, trees and flowers, and he would even make sketches in charcoal on the neatly-kept kitchen floor. Waste-paper there was none in that household; every scrap was duly consigned to the sack, the contents of which were sold in due season. Little Frank, however, borrowed a large percentage of these scraps, conscientiously returning them with the counterfeit presentment of the architectural, human animal and vegetable attractions of Horksmead and its neighborhood. Often would he steal out with his pencil and some scrap of paper with a fair inchage of black space upon it, and his primer as a drawing-board, to indulge in his favorite pursuit. On one of these occasions he had selected as his subject the rectory, a quaint old gabled house, with clinging ivy and picturesque porch.

The low-growing shrubs and plants intercepted his view, and he had almost given up his design in despair, when it occurred to him to clamber the fence, and scale one of the trees of the rectory grounds. Here, astride on a convenient branch, and backed by the solid bole of the tree, he had an excellent view, and soon became absorbed in his work. The report of a gun somewhat startled him, but he only set his lips close and went on with the sketch with redoubled energy. There was another report, still nearer at hand, and then a third, which was as nearly as possible simultaneous with a sharp, stinging sensation in a fleshy part of his anatomy that made him involuntarily drop his pencil and book and tumble to the ground with a shrill scream. Before he had time to recover himself two young men were bending over him, one of whom, dropping his gun and raising him tenderly, exclaimed:

"By Gad, Gerald, it's little Frank Farthing. I hope you are only frightened, not hurt, Frank, eh?"

"I don't think I am much hurt," said Frank rather ruefully, putting a dimpled hand to the injured quarter, and not without a sense of shame at having made so much noise over a trifle, "but it hit me."

Clemont Chope was much relieved to find that no serious harm had been done, and he could not help laughing at the mingled expression of pain, shame and alarm on the little fellow's face.

"By George, Clem," said his friend, who had picked up the boy's half-finished sketch, and was scrutinizing it carefully, "the youngster's a genius."

What is a genius? wondered Frank, as many wiser folk have wondered before and since. He has seen a picture of a genius in an odd volume of the "Arabian Nights" that belonged to a schoolfellow. He did not think he was like that. But in a vague way he was conscious that his work was being praised by the gentlefolk, and he flushed with pride.

Just then the worthy old Rector, who who had heard the boy's cry, and had hastened from his study, came up.

"What now, boys? what now, boys? What have you been doing now?" This was given with a somewhat petulant emphasis on the last word, for the old gentleman had more than once during this brief vacation of his son and his son's friend tried hard to console himself with the thought that "boys would be boys," but rather inconsistently adding, "and I wish they wouldn't." "Why, bless my soul, you haven't been taking Frank Farthing for a bird, have you?"

"No, sir," said Clem; "but little Frank has been putting himself in the way of a charge, and I fear he is carrying off some of the shot."

Why, bless my soul, Clem, you are not fit to be trusted with a gun, upon my word you're not. Run in and tell Mrs. Corlass, and fetch Dr. Heslop. We must have the boy looked to."

"If you please, sir," interposed Frank shyly, "it was all my fault, sir, and I hadn't any right to be up in the tree, sir; and I am not hurt, sir—not much, only it startled me."

"Ay, ay; ay, ay," said the kindly old gentleman. "We must have it looked to. Are you sure you can walk?"

The boy laughed merrily, and showed that he could walk, and briskly too, thus relieving the worthy parson's mind considerably.

The doctor was soon in attendance, and found that three shots had been lodged under the skin. They were soon removed, and Frank wondered what they were making such a fuss about, for they would not allow him to go home, and the young men were dispatched to the cottage to explain what had happened, and to promise that the boy should be sent home in the evening.

That was an eventful day for the lad. His nearly completed sketch was a creditable performance, and the interest it awakened in the Rector, the young ladies, Mr. Clement, and his friend, and the warm encouragement they gave him, would have repaid him a hundredfold if he had been peppered with shot from head to heel.

Moreover, he had the awful joy of turning over a scrap-book, and looking at the water-colors of the young ladies, to say nothing of some really good pictures hung in the dining-room; and, to crown his happiness, when the evening came and he was driven home in state in the Rector's own chaise, he bore with him a precious gift, a sketch-book and half a dozen pencils. This was his first introduction to "art treasures," and he was dazzled by their beauty, and fired with a new ambition, which took deeper and deeper hold of him till it became the purpose of his life. And the ladies of the rectory, firmly persuaded that it had been their good fortune to discover a modern Giotto, continued to take the liveliest interest in his progress. They even enforced upon the Rector the duty of calling upon Dan. Farthing, whose prosperity was the talk of the village, and urging him to give his boy an art education. But advice is always one of those things it is more blessed to give than to receive, and the Rector's reception was of the coldest. The father listened in silence to the representations made to him, and when the Rector had quite finished, said:

"Pusson, ay han't nivver interfered with your bis'ness, and ay don't wunt to. But ay'll manage ma own ma own waay."

And when the "pusson" had gone, he called his boy to him, and made what was for him quite a long speech.

"Frank, ma boooy," he said, "pusson has been here a talkin' to me about yow bein' a hartis.' Thaay didn't ought to put no such things inter yowre head. Drorin's all very well for a plaaything, leas'ways, ay don't see much harm in it, though it ain't no good. But yow'm got to la'rn to manage the farm, and to look after the bis'ness, and, you'll find that quayte enough, lad. You be getgin' a big boooy now, and you'll soon ha' to give up plaaythings."

"Yes, father," said Frank, for it had not occurred to him yet to dispute the paternal will in anything. Dan. Farthing was not a stern man, and he loved to see his boy happy, but it was well understood in that household that his will was law, and that he was not given to the feminine weakness of changing his mind.

At present, however, his "playthings" were his own, and when his school tasks were done he was his own master to a great extent. And he became more completely so than ever soon after this conversation, for his good, simple-minded mother died, and the little services which it had been his pride and pleasure to render her, he did not feel constrained to offer to any one else. He had made the most of his liberty, feeling that it must soon come to an end; and what with gifts from the rectory, and what with the expenditure of every penny of his pocket money in drawing material he had had the means of almost constant practice, improved by a few judicious hints and lessons from an artist visitor at the rectory, to whom his work had been shown, and in the course of a year or two he had made great progress. He had made a water-color drawing of the rectory, which Mr. Chope had framed and hung in his drawing-room, and this had brought him one or two commissions, and the ladies had even taken some of his sketches to the principal print-sellers in Chelmchester, where they had met with a ready sale.

And thus the years of early manhood were reached. He had seen enough by this time to know that his best work was feeble and poor, and to feel those alternations of ambition and despair with which the ardent young soul contemplates the productions of genius. His art became more and more an absorbing passion; to endure privation and suffering in devotion to it he felt would be more tolerable than wealth or position divorced from it. But he had no hope that his father would consent to his making art the business of his life; he had no hope that he would give him any assistance, nor did he know to whom he could turn for such assistance, even could he so far tame his pride as to accept it. He was very slow in making up his mind, for he knew what he would be relinquishing. On the one hand was wealth without his art; on the other a long and arduous struggle, with an obscure and doubtful issue, in devotion to it. And yet he found himself, day by day, contemplating this alternative with more and more of silent resolve; he found himself, half unconsciously, hoarding his allowance and the proceeds of his sketches, in order that he might have wherewith to make a start.

He did not overlook the grief his decision would cause to his father; and the thought of the stern old man, left widowed and childless, nursing in stoical silence his disappointment, was not least among the reflections that made him shrink from a decision that, once made, he knew would be irrevocable.

At last a day came when his mind was fully made up, and, seeking the old man in his "cosy," as he called one of the two rooms which had formed his original cottage, and a love of which he cherished, Frank said, "Father, I have something to say to you."

There was a tremulous gravity in his tone that made the father look at him earnestly before he answered, "well, boooy."

"I know that what I am going to say will vex you, father, and I want to tell you that I am sorry for that. The knowledge that I should give you pain has made it difficult for me to come to the resolution I have formed, but as I have formed it I know you would rather I should tell you at once. I have made up my mind to be an artist."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Corrected to Accord With City Time.

CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Depot, corner McLean ave. and Gest street.

	Depart Cin'ti.	Arrive Cin'ti
Somerset Ex	8:00 a m	6:20 p m
Mt. Sterling Ex	8:00 a m	6:20 p m
Frankfort Ex	8:00 a m	.....
Richmond via Lexington	8:00 a m	6:20 p m
Crab Orchard via Dan. Jun	8:00 a m	6:20 p m
Lexington Ac	4:00 p m	10:35 a m
Danville Ac	4:00 p m	10:15 a m
Winchester Ac	4:00 p m	10:15 a m

ATLANTIC & GREAT WESTERN.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

New York Ex	12:38 p m	5:48 p m
New York Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:48 a m

LOUISVILLE & CINCINNATI SHORT-LINE.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Louisville Ex. daily	7:04 a m	3:04 p m
Louisville Ex	3:14 p m	11:48 a m
Louisville daily	8:14 p m	3:04 a m

MARIETTA & CINCINNATI.
Depot, Plum and Pearl.

Parkersburg Ac	6:13 a m	5:13 p m
Hillsboro Ac	6:13 a m	5:13 p m
Parkersburg Ex. daily	8:23 a m	6:23 p m
Parkersburg Ex. daily	2:05 p m	6:23 a m
Chillicothe Ac	3:13 p m	10:35 a m
Hillsboro Ac	3:13 p m	10:35 a m
Loveland Ac	9:58 a m	6:43 a m
Loveland Ac	4:53 p m	7:53 a m
Loveland Ac	6:08 p m	2:18 p m
Loveland Ac	11:03 p m	8:45 a m

The 6:13 a. m. train connects for Portsmouth via Chillicothe. The 8:23 a. m. and 9:08 p. m. trains connect for Jackson and Portsmouth, via Hamden.

BALTIMORE & OHIO, VIA PARKERSBURG.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Baltimore Ex. daily	8:23 a m	6:33 p m
Baltimore Ex daily	9:08 p m	6:28 a m

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI.
Depot, Mill and Front.

St. Louis Fast Line	7:57 a m	1:57 p m
St. Louis Ex. daily	7:12 p m	7:27 a m
St. Louis Ex., daily except Saturday	11:12c m	:32 p m
Cairo Mail	7:57 a m	7:57 p m
Cairo Ex	7:12 p m	7:27 a m
Evansville Mail	7:57 a m	7:57 p m
Evansville Ex	11.12 p m	7:27 a m
Kansas City Fast Line	7:57 a m	7:57 p m
Kansas City Ex	7:12 p m	7:27 a m
North Vernon Ac	7:12 a m	9:32 p m
Osgood Ac	5:12 p m	8:32 a m
Louisville Fast Line, d'y	7:57 a m	8:37 p m
Louisville Ex	3:12 p m	12:17 p m
Louisville Night Ex., d'y	7:12 p m	.....
Springfield Ex	7:12 p m	7:27 a m
Shawneetown Ex	7:12 p m	7:27 a m
Madison Accommodation	7:57 a m	12:17 p m
Madison Ex	3:12 p m	8:37 p m
Sunday Trains—		
Louisville Fast Line	7:57 a m	8:37 p m
Louisville Night Ex	7:12 p m	.....
St. Louis Night Ex	7:12 p m	7:27 a m
St. Louis Night Ex	11:12 p m	.....

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Dayton Ex. daily	9:23 p m	5:28 a m
Dayton Ac	5:13 p m	9:43 a m
Toledo Ex	8:23 a m	7:28 p m
Toledo Ex., daily	9:23 p m	5:53 a m
Toledo Ex	2:23 p m	3:58 p m
Indianapolis Mail	7:08 a m	9:53 a m
Indianapolis Ex	4:13 p m	9:43 a m
Chicago Ex	7:08 a m	9:58 p m
Chicago Ex., daily	7:23 p m	7:28 a m
Glendale Ac	9:53 a m	5:58 p m
Hamilton Ac	4:13 p m	1:38 p m
Glendale Ac	6:13 p m	7:53 a m
Hamilton Ac	11:23 p m	6:38 a m
Hamilton Ac	.....	8:33 a m

On Sundays, Dayton Accommodation will leave at 8:23 a. m., arriving at 6:58 p. m.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND & CHICAGO.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Chicago Ex	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Richmond Ex	2:23 p m	1:28 p m
Chicago Ex., daily	7:23 p m	7:28 a m

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & INDIANAPOLIS.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Indianapolis Mail	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Indianapolis Ex	4:13 p m	9:43 a m

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA.
Depot, Fifth and Hoadly.

Grand Rapids Ex	7:08 a m	9:53 p m
Ridgville Ex	7:23 p m	7:28 a m

KENTUCKY CENTRAL.
Depot, Pike and Washington, Covington.

Lexington Mail	7:15 p m	9:10 a m
Maysville Ex	2:00 p m	11:30 a m
Frankfort Ac	7:15 a m	6:10 p m
Mt. Sterling Ex	7:15 a m	6:10 p m
Lexington Ex	2.00 p m	9:30 a m
Frankfort Fast Line	12:00 m*	6:10 p m
Mt. Sterling Ac	2:00 p m	11:30 a m
Richmond Ex	12:00 m*	6:10 p m
Lexington Ex	12:00 m*	11:30 a m
Butler Ac	5:35 p m	7:15 a m

*Midnight.

SEE LINE / DAYTON SHORT-LINE ROUTE, C., S. C. & I. RY.).
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

New York Fast Line Ex	5:27 a m	.....
New York Ex	12:38 p m	5:48 p m
Boston Ex., daily	9:13 p m	6:13 a m
Springfield Ac	3:38 p m	10:38 a m
Mauds Ac	6:23 p m	8:05 a m

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & COLUMBUS.
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

Columbus Ex	5:23 a m	10:25 p m
Columbus Ex	3:38 p m	8:38 p m

DAYTON SHORT-LINE & SANDUSKY.
Depot, Sixth and Hoadly.

Sandusky Ex	8:23 a m	10:23 p m
Sandusky Ex. (daily)	9:13 p m	6:13 a m
Kenton Ac	3:38 p m	5:48 p m

CINCINNATI INDIANAPOLIS ST. LOUIS & CHICAGO.
Depot Pearl and Plum.

Indianapolis Fast Line	4:00 a m	10:55 a m
Indianapolis Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
Indianapolis Ac	3:10 p m	6:55 p m
Indianapolis Ex. (daily)	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Martinsville Ac	8:40 a m	6:55 p m
Lafayette Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
Lafayette Ex. (daily)	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Chicago Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
Chicago Ex (daily)	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
St. Louis Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
St. Louis Ex. daily	7:00 p m.	8:15 a m
Peoria Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Quincy Mail	3:10 p m	10:00 p m
Cairo Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
Cairo Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Evansville Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
Evansville Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Burlington Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Pana Ex. daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m
Valley Junction Ac	6:10 p m	6:50 a m
Valley Junction Ac	*11:00 p m	6:55 p m
Harrison Ac	8:40 a m	7:55 a m
Harrison Ac	.....	10:55 a m
Harrison Ac	5:00 p m	6:55 p m
Lawrenceburg Ac	10:15 a m	10:55 a m
Lawrenceburg Ac	3:10 p m	1:45 p m

*The 11:00 p. m. train leaves Cincinnati at 11:30 p. m. on Fridays.

Sunday Accommodation Trains—

Harrison Ac	1:30 p m	6:45 p m
Harrison Ac	10:00 p m	10:30 a m

WHITEWATER VALLEY.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Cambridge City Mail	8:40 a m	6:55 p m
Cambridge City Ex	5:00 p m	10:55 a m
Hagerstown Mail	8:40 a m	6:55 p m
Hagerstown Ex	5:00 p m	10:55 a m
Muncie Mail	8:40 a m	6:55 p m
Fort Wayne Ex	8:40 a m	6:55 p m

FORT WAYNE, MUNCIE & CINCINNATI R. R.
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Muncie Mail	8:40 a m	6:55 p m
Fort Wayne Mail	8:40 a m	6:55 p m

CINCINNATI, WABASH & MICHIGAN (VIA C. I. ST. L. & C. AND C., C., C. & I.)
Depot, Pearl and Plum.

Elkhart Mail	8:40 a m	10:00 p m
Elkhart Ex., daily	7:00 p m	8:15 a m

LITTLE MIAMI—PAN-HANDLE, EAST
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

New York Ex	4:13 a m	6:23 a m
New York Ex. daily	7:53 a m	11:08 a m
New York Ex. daily	8:23 p m	7:53 p m
Columbus Ac	4:03 p m	2:53 p m
Zanesville Ac	10:48 a m	2:53 p m
Morrow Ac	5:13 p m	8:33 a m
Morrow Ac	.....	6:33 p m
Loveland Ac	6:28 p m	1:28 p m
Loveland Ac	11:23 p m	.....
Plainville Ac	7:38 a m	9:08 a m

The 4:13 a. m., 8:08 a. m. and 4:03 p. m. trains connect for Yellow Springs and Springfield. The Church Train leaves Loveland Sundays at 9:10 a. m., and returning leaves Cincinnati at 1:38 p. m.

CLEVELAND, MT. VERNON AND COLUMBUS.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Cleveland Express	7:53 a m	7:53 p m

CINCINNATI AND MUSKINGUM VALLEY.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Zanesville Ex	10:48 a m	2:53 p m
Circleville Ac	4:03 p m	11:03 a m

CINCINNATI AND EASTERN—BATAVIA NARROW-GAUGE.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Winchester Ac	7:08 a m	6:53 p m
Winchester Ex	4:03 p m	9:08 a m
New Richmond Ac	4:03 p m	9:08 a m

CINCINNATI AND PORTSMOUTH RAILROAD.
Depot, Front and Kilgour.

Amelia Ac	7:38 a m	1:23 p m
Amelia Mail	4:03 p m	8:33 a m